

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXIII. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, JULY 17, 1866. NUMBER 20

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, in advance.

JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, three weeks.....\$2 00
One square, three months.....5 00
One square, six months.....6 00
One square, twelve months.....8 00
One-fourth column, one year.....40 00
One-half column, one year.....60 00
One column, one year.....80 00
Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.
All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

Notices of the appointment of Agents, Ministers, and Executors, also Attachments, Notices, two dollars, in advance.

Professional Cards.

H. W. BAKER, DENTIST, N. O. CASTLE.

BAKER & CASTLE, DENTISTS.
Office, Main Street, above Postoffice.

ALL work done on short notice, at reasonable rates, in the best of style and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and try our tooth powder, for cleansing and preserving the teeth. **TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.** Woodsfield, Ohio, May 29th.

G. W. GIBBENS, DENTIST, N. O. CASTLE.

GIBBENS & FERGUSON

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
HAYING resumed the practice of Medicine, tending his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

Poetry.

THE LONG AGO.

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it floats through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf; how they come
and they go

On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical climate,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are haunts of dust—O, we loved them so;
And there are trinkets and treasures of hair
There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And parts of infants' prayers!

There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Of remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

Serious Joke.

One of the most serious jokes we ever heard of was perpetrated by a dying woman upon her husband. It seems he was a harsh, unfeeling brute, and when anything unpleasant occurred in the course of their life, he was in the habit of saying to the humble partner of his joys, "There, hang you, there's a nut for you to crack." At last the hand of death was upon the poor, miserable woman, and with her latest breath she summoned her husband, and told him that although she had striven to do right in nearly all cases, yet an "open confession was good for the soul," and she wished to tell him that one of the blooming daughters that had been her pride, belonged to him. The husband was confounded. "Which is mine?" he exclaimed. "Ah!" said the dying woman, "there's a nut for you to crack," and turning away her face immediately expired, leaving the poor husband and father in a state of bewilderment as to which one of his supposed offspring it was his duty to discard, and which to recognize.

A Fact Worth Printing.

At a second class hotel, in Frankfort, Ky., a few days since, a little girl entered the bar-room, and in pitiful tones told the bar-keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents.

"Eight cents?" said the bar-keeper.

"Yes, sir."

"What does your mother want of eight cents? I don't owe her anything."

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have had nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A loafer suggested to the bar-keeper to kick the brat out.

"No," said the bar-keeper, "I'll give her mother the money; and if her father comes back again, I'll kick him out."

Such a circumstance never happened before, and may never happen again. Humanity owes that bar-keeper a vote of thanks.

SAVING GREASE AND MAKING SOAP.

In order to keep grease clean and sweet during the summer, run off some lye, and boil it down until it will eat a feather, if you put it in, then put it down in iron or other vessel, and throw your meat rinds and scraps therein. When you make your soap, boil down lye as before, put it in an iron kettle, add this grease, with either if you have it, and let it boil and stir occasionally. In order to test the proportions of grease and lye, take some out in a dish, let it cool, and if it does not get hard, your soap needs more boiling. The experienced can test the presence of too much lye by its keen bite, and its absence, vice versa, by a touch of the tongue. A half day is time enough ordinarily to make a kettle of soap, which, when done, should cut out like gingerbread.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

A gentleman, residing near Boston, drew the attention of the Town Council to a slough in the road, as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two Councilors had walked into it by accident, and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the Town Council of Boston: I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last moving in the matter."

The Reward of Courtesy.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit him to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about if you please," said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectfully but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the two strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of the reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing, and taking his companion's arm they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over the establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many headless visitors, but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall have better luck here, and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment answered, "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewn with iron, brass, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they passed where the workmen were riveting the external casing of the boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his foot against the boiler, and showed other signs of impatience, whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked: "We will not detain you any longer, sir," and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly a half-mile in silence, when one of them pointed to an humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop.

"Look," said the observer, "there is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless, let us try," said Mr. Wolf.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron around his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the work-shop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objections," said Mr. Wolf.

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unassuming manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," said Mr. Wolf.

"I am afraid we have given you a great deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and I shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterward, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and all sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia, to visit St. Petersburg."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are your credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers you did not think it necessary to treat us with coolness or distrust. You saw we were really interested in acquainting ourselves with your works, and you did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we might have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterward removed his whole establishment there for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

Faint Not.

Young and eager student, toiling—
Toiling for a precious store,
Wisdom's richest golden treasures—
Faint thou not, but labor more.

Though, 'mid visions of the future,
Gloomy doubts and fears arise,
Faint thou not, but working ever,
Reach the goal and win the prize.

Eager, bold aspirant, nobly
Making honest fame thy quest,
Others see, are laurels gaining—
Faint thou not, but do thy best.

What though painful be the striving—
Pale the cheek and dim the eye?
Faint thou not, the end is cheering;
Thou shalt conquer by-and-by.

Aged pilgrim, weakly toiling
Down the thorny path of life—
Upward look, despairing never;
Faint ye not, for short the strife!

Wearied wanderers, with affliction
Saddly burdened as ye are,
Soon your burden shall be lightened,
Make but Faith your guiding star.

A Yankee Trade.

The other day we heard a circumstance which really occurred, not a hundred miles from Salem, that is worth relating:

A certain farmer who, in the course of the year, purchased several dollars' worth of goods (and always paid for them) called at the store of a village merchant—his regular place of dealing—with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale.

The merchant who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain, examined his stock, and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling a piece for your brooms."

Cyrus appeared astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"Oh, no, John; I can't begin to take that for them, no how; but I'll let you have them for twenty cents a piece, and not a cent less."

"Cyrus, you are showing," said John. "Why see here," drawing a fine lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours, (which was true), that cost me only twelve and a half cents." (Which was not true by seven and a half cents.)

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus, "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, no how," and pretending to be more than half angry, he shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant getting a little nervous over the probable loss of a good customer, and fearing he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on a while. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms, I suppose you will not object to take the price of them in goods."

"No, don't care if I do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents a piece for this lot. Let me see, 20 times 24 makes 480—yes, \$4.80. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"Oh, no, not at all—not at all," said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make any difference to you, I'll take the amount in them are brooms of yourn at twelve and a half cents a piece. Let me see, four dollars and eighty cents will get thirty-eight brooms and five cents over. It don't make much difference about the five cents, but you are a right clever fellow, John, I guess I will take the change in ter-backer."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and "ter-backer," John was seized with a serious breaking out of the mouth, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times, by the bystanders, who enjoyed the joke hugely.—*Salem Republican.*

A Learned Postmaster.

A few years ago, a postmaster was appointed in Canton, Pa., who was a gentleman of the "Old School." Entering upon the new duties of the situation, he for a time filled the office with dignity, and to all appearance, with satisfaction. One day a large number of persons being in the office, a man called for a letter, the initial of the last name being M. Whereupon the worthy postmaster took down a large number of letters, and looking them over said that there was no letter there; adding that all the letters nearly were for a Mr. P. M., and that he wished he would call and get them; "for," said he, "I don't know what to do with them. I have lived in Canton for twenty-five years, and I never heard of a man by the name of P. M. yet." The roar that followed gave the P. M. an idea that there was something wrong.

Mankind may be divided into three classes. 1. Those who learn from experience of others—they are happy men. 2. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. 3. Those who neither learn from their own nor the experience of other people—they are fools.

A would-be prophet, down South, lately said, in one of his sermons, "that he was sent to redeem the world and all things." Whereupon a native pulled out a Confederate shipmaster and asked him to fork over the specie for it.

There was once a man so intensely polite that as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, madam."

Inclined to be Quarrelsome.

There was once a little slim built fellow, rich as a Jew, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs, by the help of a big raw-boned six foot two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last named individual, he accosted him:

"I say, are those your hogs?"

"No, sir; I am at work by the month."

"What pay might you be getting, friend?"

"Ten dollars a month and whiskey thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here! I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, d'ye see. Now I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on a fight?"

"Never been licked in my life," rejoined the six footer.

"Just the man I want. Is it a bargain?" queried Gardner.

Six footer ruminated.

"Twenty-five dollars—double wages—nothing to do but ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally, when he is sassy."

Six footer accepted. They rode along, till just at night, they reached a village inn. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest fellow in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After considerable promising jawing, Gardner turned to his fighting friend, and intimated that the whipping of that man had become a sad necessity. Six footer peeled, went in, and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-enacted, Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six footer doing the fighting.

At last, on the third day, they came to a ferry kept by a huge, double-fisted man, who had never been licked in his life. While crossing the river Gardner, as usual, began to find fault and blow. The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things round and told him his opinion of their kind. Gardner then turned to his friend and gently broke the intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but it was absolutely necessary to thrash the ferryman."

Six footer nodded his head, but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job, by the way he shrugged his shoulders; but there was no help for it. So, when they reached the shore, both stripped, and at it they went. Up and down the bank over the sand into the water, they fought, scratched, gouged, hissed, and rolled, till at the end of an hour, the ferryman gave in. Six footer was triumphant, but it had been rough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well—but I'm of the opinion—that you're inclined to be quarrelsome. Here I've been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country. I think we had better dissolve; for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll draw."

WOMAN'S WILL.

Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars; when the rain comes down like the cascade of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, but never coax a woman to say she "will," when she has made up her mind to say she "won't."

Heathen of heathens—you're a "no such thing." Women are yielding, reasonable, not a bit obstinate, have no contrary notions, never say they "won't," oh! no; they are just as good as the Church, and as gentle as lambs—when they are asleep!

An ingenious Yankee in New Orleans has been engaged in making thread from the stalk of the cotton plant. It is very fine and strong, and looks very much like flax, being very soft and pliable. He proposes to make this thread into cloth, which he says will be as strong and durable as that made from cotton itself. Forty pounds of thread can be made from 120 pounds of stalk. A new factory will soon be established for the manufacture of cloth from this substance. This discovery is not a new one. It has been known for several years that there was a fibrous substance in the cotton stalk which very much resembles flax, but it has never before been put to practical use. Should this prove successful, it will double the value of the cotton plantations of the South. The next invention in order for the development of the South, is a method of making paper from sugar cane stalks. Whoever does this ought to make a fortune.

WANTED TO MARRY.

A young man in Newport, Vt., wanted a wife badly, and took a young lady out to ride. After proceeding a few miles, he asked her, "Will you marry me?" The answer was short as it was sweet, "No, sir." Young man says, "Well, get out and go home a foot, then." The young lady accepted his advice, and reached her home in safety.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a pump. Every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one wishes to carry it away.

HUMOROUS ITEMS.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he. "If I would be my luck to live forever, if I should."

Why are books the best friends? Because you can shut them up without the least offense, when they bore you.

At a naval court-martial, lately held, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you then?" "Captain of the foretop."

When does a burglar resemble a singer? When he is put in a stone "jug."

No man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

A Bachelor up Pean street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying: "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer! Just as he had finished, a fat colored lady looked out of an upper story window, and said: "Boss, just please to frow dat fumble of mine in de entry, I jist now drapt it."

A GOOD REASON.—A minister going to visit a sick parishioner, asked him how he had rested during the night. "Oh, wonderful, sir," replied he, "for my eyes have not come together these three nights."

"What is the reason of that?" said the other.

"Alas, sir," said the sick man, "because my nose was betwixt them."

The bursting of the Petroleum Bank of Titusville has settled the question: "Will petroleum explode?"

A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied, "No, I have taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

An urban remarked that the principal branch of education in his school was the willow branch.

A bachelor, seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

A fop of a fellow who was sauntering about a country village, saw a pretty face at the window of a house near which a little boy was at play. "Bub," said he, "who is that fair lady looking out?" "Sir," was the reply. "Will you tell me if she is a maid or a matron?" asked the exquisite. "She is a tailress," answered the lad, resuming his play.

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.—Yesterday morning, at four o'clock, P. M., a small man named Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed suicide by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are, in the midst of life.

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday scholars, a plough boy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you were to see the sun rise in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The moon, please sir," "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose that you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?" "Please, sir, I should think it was time to get up."

An editor, describing the effects of a equal upon a canal boat, says: "When the gale was at its highest point, the unfortunate craft heeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whisky rolled overboard."

A gentleman, lately boasting of the neatness and regularity of his wife, said: "If I get up in the night, pick dark, I find my clothes, down to my gloves, all in their proper places. I was up this morning before daylight," he continued, putting his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, and here he pulled out his wife's nightgown!

CAREFUL.—We saw Jake nailing up a box the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much abused "This side up!" etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one broke!" replied Jake sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the express Company!"

"Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes, I did; an' fur fear they shouldn't see it on the river, I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!"

Errors and repentance are the companions of rashness.

Follow the perfections of your enemies rather than the errors of your friends.

Excess of ceremony shows a want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all formality.

THE EAGLE HOUSE.

J. G. SCHAU, Proprietor.

SARDIS, OHIO.

THE proprietor gives notice to his old friends, and the public in general, that he has enlarged and refurnished his house, and is now prepared to accommodate all who will give him a call.

J. G. SCHAU, June 19th.

WANTED! Agents. Male and Female at \$75 to \$150 per month to sell the Celebrated

COMMON SENSE

Family Sewing Machine.

Price \$18.00.

This Machine will do all kinds of work equal to the high priced Machines, and is the only practical and reliable Cheap Sewing Machine in the world. Send for descriptive Circulars.

Address—

SECOMB & CO., Chicago, Ill., or Cleveland, O.

Principal Office, No. 2 Custom House Place, Chicago Ill.

mar27ly.